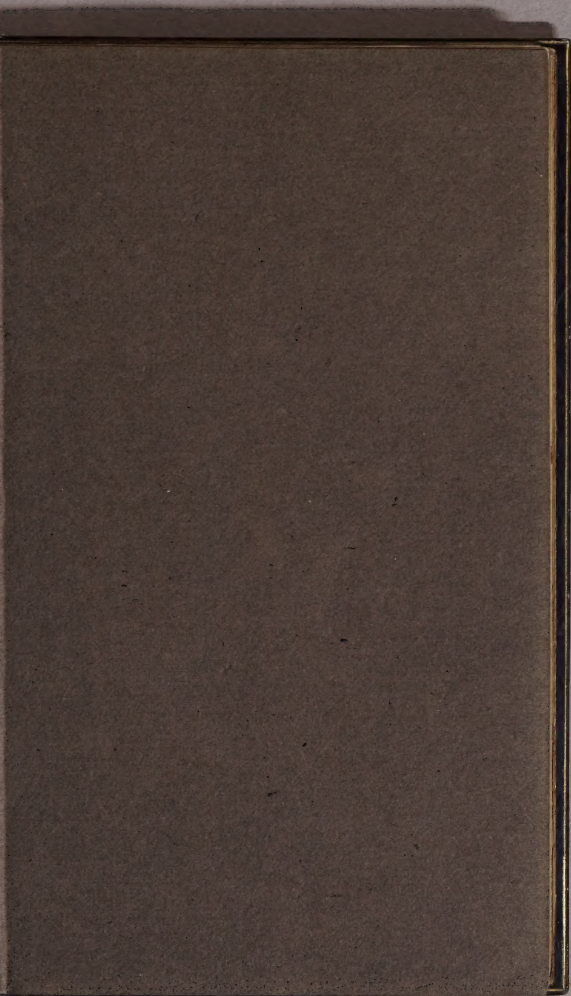


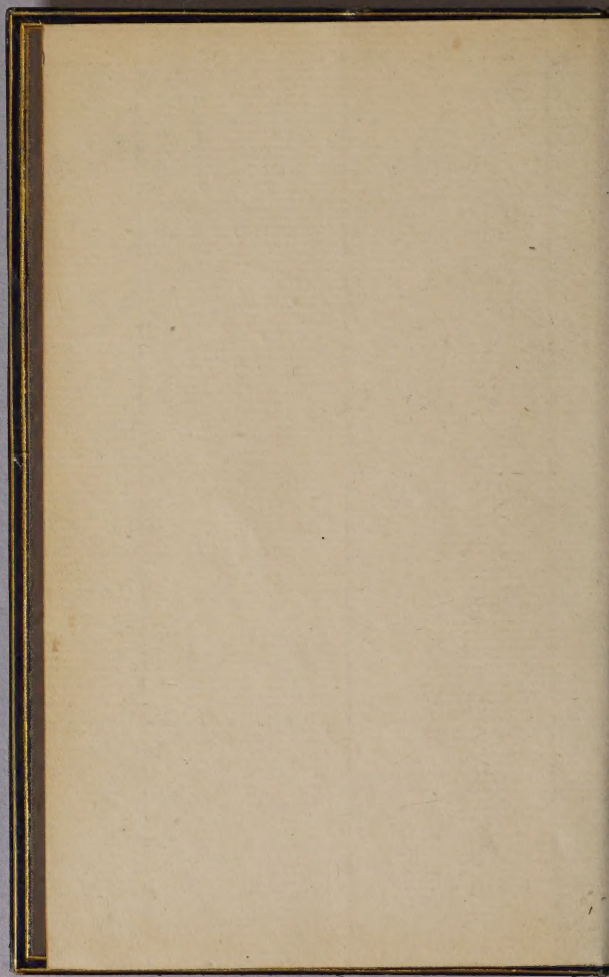


J. C. B.



John Carter Brown





This Copy has portraits
of Mrs & - quite different!

rebut of
full letter (page)

6312

RPJCB



GEORGE ALSOP.

*View here the Shadow whose Ingenious Hand
Hath drawne exact the Province Mary Land.
Display'd her Glory in such Scenes of Witt
That those that read must fall in Love with it
For which his Labour hee deserves the praise.
As well as Poets doe the wreath of Bays .*

Anno D^o 1666. Aetatis Suae 28.

H.W.

SPACE

Then have the Station with its numerous flags
There alone could the ...
Thenceforth the ...
That night the ...
For which his ...
As well as ...
(over) 1866. July 28.



View here the Shadow whose Ingenious Hand
Hath drawne exact the Province Mary Land
Display'd her Glory in such Scenes of Witt
That those that read must fall in Love with it
For which his Labour hee deserves the praise
As well as Poets, doe the wreath of Bays .

Anno Do. 1666. Aetatis Suae 28.

H.W.

A
CHARACTER
Of the PROVINCE of
MARY-LAND,

Wherein is Described in four distinct
Parts, (viz.)

- I. *The Scituation, and plenty of the Province.*
- II. *The Laws, Customs, and natural Demeanor of the Inhabitant.*
- III. *The worst and best Usage of a Mary-Land Servant, opened in view.*
- IV. *The Traffique, and vendable Commodities of the Countrey.*

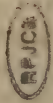
ALSO


A small *Treatise* on the wilde and
naked INDIANS (or *Susquehanokes*)
of Mary-Land, their Customs, Man-
ners, Absurdities, & Religion.
Together with a Collection of Histo-
rical LETTERS.

By GEORGE ALSOP.

London, Printed by T. F. for Peter Dring,
at the sign of the Sun in the Poultry: 1666.

JOHN CARTER BROWN




To the Right Honorable

Cæcilius Lord Baltimore,

Absolute Lord and Proprietary of the
Provinces of *Mary-Land* and *Avalon*
in *America.*

My Lord,

I Have adventured on
your Lordships accep-
tance by guess; if pre-
sumption has led me into
an Error that deserves cor-
rection, I heartily beg In-
dempnity, and resolve to
repent soundly for it, and
do so no more. What I
present I know to be true,
Experientia docet; It being

The Epistle Dedicatory.

an infallible Maxim, *That there is no Globe like the ocular and experimental view of a Countrey.* And had not Fate by a necessary employment, confin'd me within the narrow walks of a four years Servitude, and by degrees led me through the most intricate and dubious paths of this Countrey, by a commanding and undeniable Enjoyment, I could not, nor should I ever have undertaken to have written a line of this nature,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

If I have wrote or composed any thing that's wilde and confused, it is because I am so my self, and the world, as far as I can perceive, is not much out of the same trim; therefore I resolve, if I am brought to the Bar of *Common Law* for any thing I have done here, to plead *Non compos mentis*, to save my Bacon.

There is an old Saying in English, *He must rise betimes that would please every one.* And I am afraid I have lain

The Epistle Dedicatory.

so long a bed, that I think I shall please no body; if it must be so, I cannot help it. But as *Felton* in his *Resolves* says, *In things that must be, 'tis good to be resolute;* And therefore what *Destiny* has ordained, I am resolved to wink, and stand to it. So leaving your Honour to more serious meditations, I subscribe my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordship most

Humble Servant,

George Alsop.



To all the Merchant Adventurers for
MARY-LAND, together with
those Commanders of Ships that
saile into that Province.

SIRS,

YOU are both *Adventurers*, the one
of Estate, the other of Life: I could
tell you I am an *Adventurer* too, if I
durst presume to come into your Com-
pany. I have ventured to come abroad in Print,
and if I should be laughed at for my good mean-
ing, it would so break the credit of my Under-
standing, that I should never dare to shew my face
upon the Exchange of (conceited) Wits again.

This dish of Discourse was intended for you at
first, but it was manners to let my Lord have the
first cut, the Pye being his own. I beseech you
accept of the matter as 'tis drest, only to stay your
tomachs, and I'll promise you the next shall be
better done. 'Tis all as I can serve you in at
present, and it may be questionable whether I
have served you in this or no. Here I present
you with A Character of *Mary-Land*. it was

The Epistle Dedicatory.

be you will say 'tis weakly done, if you do I cannot help it, 'tis as well as I could do it, considering the several Obstacles that like blocks were thrown in my way to hinder my proceeding: The major part thereof was written in the intermitting time of my sickness, therefore I hope the afflicting weakness of my Microcosm may plead a just excuse for some imperfections of my pen. I protest what I have writ is from an experimental knowledge of the Country, and not from any imaginary supposition. If I am blamed for what I have done too much, it is the first, and I will irrevocably promise it shall be the last. There's a Maxim upon Tryals at Assizes, That if a Thief be taken upon the first fault, if it be not too hainous, they only burn him in the hand and let him go: So I desire you to do by me, if you find any thing that bears a criminal absurdity in it, only burn me for my first fault and let me go. But I am affraid I have kept you too long in the Entry, I shall desire you therefore to come in and sit down.

G. Alsop.

THE



THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THE Reason why I appear in this place is, lest the general Reader should conclude I have nothing to say for my self; and truly he's in the right on't, for I have but little to say for my self) at this time: For I have had so large a Journey, and so heavy a Burden to bring *Mary-Land* into *England*, that I am almost out of breath: I'll promise you after I am come to my self, you shall hear more of me. Good Reader, because you see me make a brief Apologetical excuse for my self, don't judge me; for I am so self-conceited of my own merits, that I almost think want none. *De Lege non judicandum ex*
col 2

The Preface to the Reader.

solâ linea, saith the Civilian; We must not pass judgement upon a Law by one line: And because we see but a small Bush at a Tavern door, conclude there is no Canary. For as in our vulgar Resolves 'tis said, *A good face needs no Band, and an ill one deserves none*: So the French Proverb sayes, *Bon Vien il n'a faut point de Ensigne*, Good Wine needs no Bush. I suppose by this time some of my speculative observers have judged me vain-glorious; but if they did but rightly consider me, they would not be so censorious. For I dwell so far from Neighbors, that if I do not praise my self, no body else will: And since I am left alone, I am resolved to summon the *Magna Charta* of Fowles to the Bar for my excuse, and by their irrevocable Statutes plead my discharge, *For its an ill Bird will besoule her own Nest*: Besides, I have a thousand Billings-gate Collegians that will give in their testimony, *That they never knew a Fish-woman cry stinking Fish*. Thus leaving the Nostrils of the Citizens Wives to demonstrate what they please as to that, and thee (Good Reader) to say what thou wilt, I bid thee Farewel.



THE
AUTHOR
TO HIS
BOOK.

WHEN first *Apollo* got my brain with
Childe,

He made large promise never to beguile,
As like an honest Father, he would keep
Whatever Issue from my Brain did creep:
With that I gave consent, and up he threw
Me on a Bench, and strangely he did do;
Then every week he daily came to see
How his new Physick still did work with me,
And when he did perceive he'd don the feat,
Like an unworthy man he made retreat,
Left me in desolation, and where none
Compassionated when they heard me groan.

The Author to his Book.

What could he judge the Parish then would
think,

To see me fair, his Brat as black as Ink?

If they had eyes, they'd swear I were no
Nun,

But got with Child by some black *Africk* Son,
And so condemn me for my Fornication,
To beat them Hemp to stifle half the
Nation.

Well, since 'tis so, I'll alter this base Fate,
And lay his Bastard at some Noble's Gate;
Withdraw my self from Beadles, and from
such,

Who would give twelve pence I were in
their clutch:

Then, who can tell? this Child which I do
hide,

May be in time a Small-beer Col'nel *Pride*.

But while I talk, my business it is dumb,

I must lay double-clothes unto thy Bum,

Then lap thee warm, and to the World
commit

The Bastard Off-spring of a New-born wit.

Farewel, poor Brat, thou in a monstrous
World,

In swadling bands, thus up and down art
hurl'd;

There to receive what Destiny doth con-
stitute to perish, or be sav'd alive. (trive.

The Author to his Book.

Good Fate protect thee from a Criticks
power,

For if he comes, thou'rt gon in half an hour,
Stiff'd and blasted, 'tis their usual way,

To make that Night, which is as bright as
Day.

For if they once but wring, and skrew their
mouth,

Cock up their Hats, and set the point Du-
South,

Armes all a kimbo, and with belly strut,

As if they had *Parnassus* in their gut :

These are the Symtomes of the murdering
Of my poor Infant, and his burial. (fall

say he should miss thee, and some ign'rant
Ass

should find thee out, as he along doth pass,

if we were all one, he'd look into thy Tayle,

To see if thou wert Feminine or Male ;

When he'd half starv'd thee, for to satisfie

His peeping Ign'rance, he'd then let thee lie ;

And vow by's wit he ne're could understand,

The Heathen dresles of another Land :

Well, 'tis no matter, wherever such as he

Knows one grain, more then his simplicity.

Now, how the pulses of my Senses beat,

To think the rigid Fortune thou wilt meet ;

Asses and captious Fools, not six in ten

Of thy Spectators will be real men,

The Author to his Book.

To Umpire up the badness of the Cause,
And screen my weakness from the rav'nous
Laws,

Of those that will undoubted sit to see
How they might blast this new-born Infancy:
If they should burn him, they'd conclude
hereafter,

'Twere too good death for him to dye a
Martyr;

And if they let him live, they think it will
Be but a means for to encourage ill,
And bring in time some strange *Antipod'ans*,
A thousand Leagues beyond *Philippians*,
To storm our Wits; therefore he must not
rest,

But shall be hang'd, for all he has been prest:
Thus they conclude. — My Genius com-
forts give,

In Resurrection he will surely live.

TO



To my Friend Mr. George
Alsop, on his Character of
MARYLAND.

VV Ho such odd nookes of Earths great
mass describe,
Prove their descent from old Columbus tribe :
Some Boding augur did his Name devise,
thy Genius too cast in th' same mould and size ;
his Name predicted he would be a Rover,
And hidden places of this Orb discover ;
He made relation of that World in gross,
Thou the particulars retail'st to us :
This first Penny of thy fancy we
Discover what thy greater Coines will be ;
his Embryo thus well polish'd doth presage,
The manly Atchievements of its future age.
Suspicious winds blow gently on this spark,
Till its flames discover what's yet dark ;
Ere while this short Abridgement we embrace,
Expecting that thy busie Soul will trace

Some Mines at last which may enrich the World,
And all that poverty may be in oblivion hurl'd.
Zotius is dumb, for thou the mark hast hit,
By interlacing History with Wit:
Thou hast describ'd its superficial Treasure,
Anatomiz'd its bowels at thy leasure;
That **MARY-LAND** to thee may duty owe,
Who to the World dost all her Glory shew:
Then thou shalt make the Prophecie fall true,
Who fill'st the World (like th' Sea) with know-
ledge new.

William Bogherst.

TO



To my Friend Mr. George
Alsop, on his Character of
MARYLAND.

THis plain, yet pithy and concise Description
Of Mary-Lands plentiful and sedate con-
With other things herein by you set forth, (dition,
To shew its Rareness, and declare its Worth ;
Compos'd in such a time, when most men were
Smitten with Sickness, or surpriz'd with Fear,
Argues a Genius good, and Courage stout,
In bringing this Design so well about :
Such generous Freedom waited on thy brain,
The Work was done in midst of greatest pain ;
And matters flow'd so swiftly from thy source,
Nature design'd thee (sure) for such Discourse.
Go on then with thy Work so well begun,
Let it come forth, and boldly see the Sun ;
Then shall't be known to all, that from thy Mouth
Thou heldst it Noble to maintain the Truth,

'Gainst all the Rabble-roust, that yelping stand,
To cast aspersions on thy MARY-LAND:
But this thy Work shall vindicate its Fame,
And as a Trophy memorize thy Name;
So if without a Tomb thou buried be,
This Book's a lasting Monument for thee.

H. W. Master of Arts.

From my Study,
Jan. 10. 1665.

TO



To my Friend Mr. George
Alsop, on his *Character of*
MARYLAND.

COLUMBUS with Apollo sure did set,
When he did Court to propagate thy
Wit,

Or else thy Genius with so small a Clew,
Could not have brought such Intricates in view;
Discover'd hidden Earth so plain, that we
View more in this, then if we went to see.

MARY-LAND, I with some thou-
sands more,
Could not imagine where she stood before;
And hadst thou still been silent with thy Pen,
We had continu'd still the self-same men,
Ne're to have known the glory of that Soyle,
Whose plentious dwellings is four thousand mile.

The portly Susquehanock in his naked dress,
Had certain still been Pigmye, or much less;
All had been dark (to us) and obscure yet,
Had not thy diligence discover'd it:
For this we owe thee Praises to the Skie,
But none but MARY-LAND can gratifie.

Will. Barber.

A

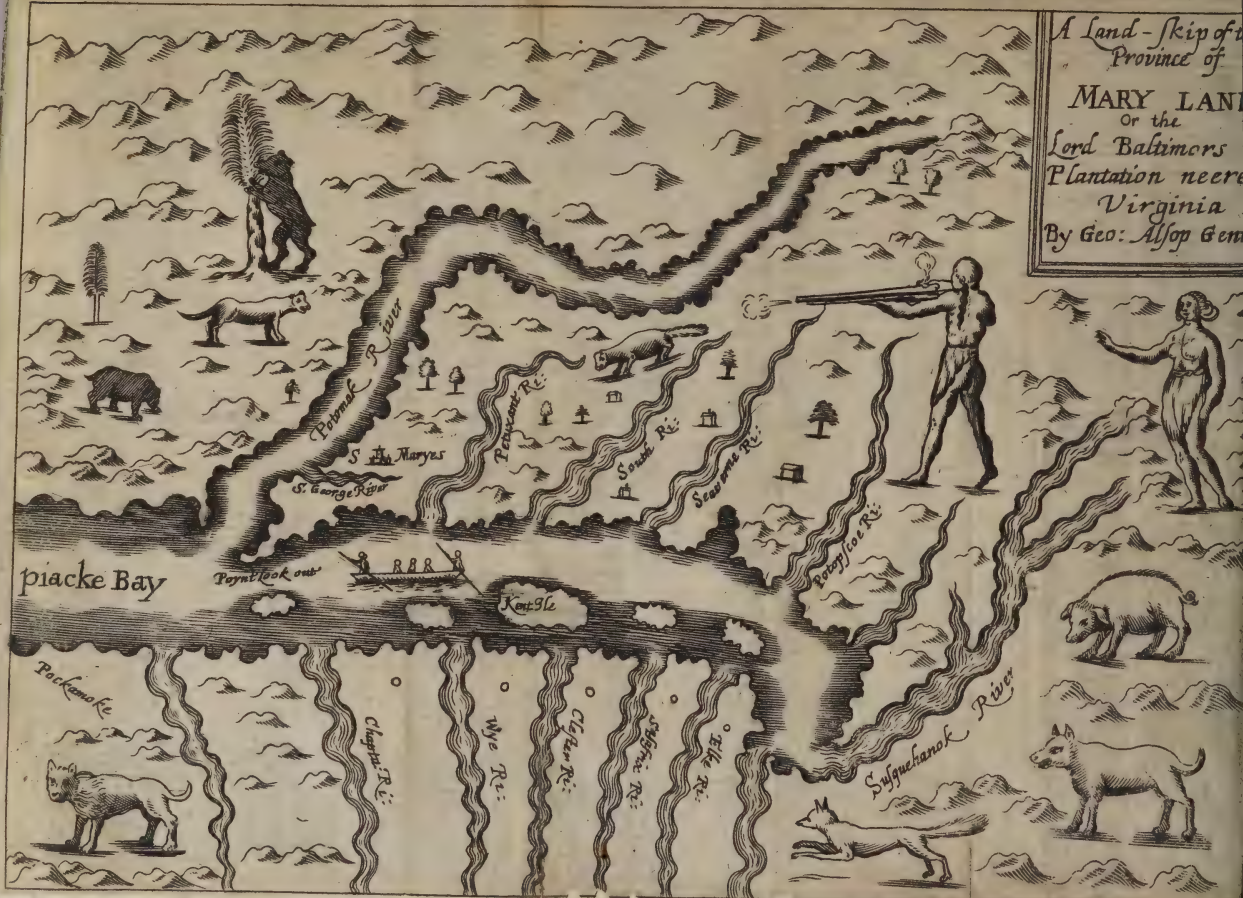
RPJCS

A Land-skip of the
Province of

MARY LAND

Or the
Lord Baltimors
Plantation neere
Virginia

By Geo: Alsop Gent





A
CHARACTER
Of the PROVINCE of
MARY-LAND.

CHAP. I.

Of the situation and plenty of the Province of Mary-Land.



MARY-LAND is a Province situated upon the large extending bowels of America, under the Government of the Lord Baltimore, adjacent Northwardly upon the Confines of New-England, and neighbouring

Southwardly upon *Virginia*, dwelling pleasantly upon the Bay of *Chasapeake*, between the Degrees of 36 and 38, in the Zone temperate, and by Mathematical computation is eleven hundred and odd Leagues in Longitude from *England*, being within her own embraces extraordinary pleasant and fertile. Pleasant, in respect of the multitude of Navigable Rivers and Creeks that conveniently and most profitably lodge within the armes of her green, spreading, and delightful Woods; whose natural womb (by her plenty) maintains and preserves the several diversities of Animals that rangingly inhabit her Woods; as she doth otherwise generously fructifie this piece of Earth with almost all sorts of Vegetables, as well Flowers with their varieties of colours and smells, as Herbes and Roots with their several effects and operative vertues, that offer their benefits daily to supply the want of the Inhabitant, where're their necessities shall

Province of Mary-Land. 3

Sub-pæna them to wait on their commands. So that he, who out of curiosity desires to see the Landskip of the Creation drawn to the life, or to read Natures universal Herbal without book, may with the Opticks of a discreet discerning, view *Mary-Land* drest in her green and fragrant Mantle of the Spring. Neither do I think there is any place under the Heavenly altitude, or that has footing or room upon the circular Globe of this world, that can parallel this fertile and pleasant piece of ground in its multiplicity, or rather Natures extravagancy of a superabounding plenty. For so much doth this Country increase in a swelling Spring-tide of rich variety and diversities of all things, not only common provisions that supply the reaching stomach of man with a satisfactory plenty, but also extends with its liberality and free convenient benefits to each sensitive faculty, according to their several desiring Appetites. So that had Nature

made it her business, on purpose to have found out a situation for the Soul of profitable Ingenuity, she could not have fitted herself better in the traverse of the whole Universe, nor in convenienter terms have told man, *Dwell here, live plentifully and be rich.*

The Trees, Plants, Fruits, Flowers, and Roots that grow here in *Mary-Land*, are the only Emblems or Hieroglyphicks of our Adamitical or Primitive situation, as well for their variety as odoriferous smells, together with their vertues, according to their several effects, kinds and properties, which still bear the Effigies of Innocency according to their original Grafts; which by their dumb vegetable Oratory, each hour speaks to the Inhabitant in silent acts, That they need not look for any other Terrestrial Paradice, to suspend or tyre their curiosity upon, while she is extant. For within her doth dwell so much of variety, so much of natural plenty, that there is not any thing that

or may be rare, but it inhabits within
his plentiful soyle: So that those
parts of the Creation that have borne
the Bell away (for many ages) for a
vegetable plentifulness, must now in
silence strike and vayne all, and whisper
softly in the auditory parts of *Mary-*
land, that *None but she in this dwells*
singular; and that as well for that she
both exceed in those Fruits, Plants,
Trees and Roots, that dwell and grow
in their several Clymes or habitable
parts of the Earth besides, as the rare-
ness and superexcellency of her own
glory, which she flourishly abounds in,
by the abundancy of reserved Rarities,
such as the remainder of the World
(with all its speculative art) never
bore any ocular testimony of as yet.
I shall forbear to particularize those
several sorts of Vegetables that flou-
rishly grows here, by reason of
the vast tediousness that will attend
upon the description, which therefore
makes them much more fit for an

Herbal, then a small Manuscript or History.

As for the wilde Animals of this Country, which loosely inhabits the Woods in multitudes, it is impossible to give you an exact description of them all, considering the multiplicity as well as the diversity of so numerous an extent of Creatures : But such as has fallen within the compass or prospect of my knowledge, those you shall know of ; *videlicet*, the Deer, because they are oftner seen, and more participated of by the Inhabitants of the Land, whose acquaintance by a customary familiarity becomes much more common then the rest of Beasts that inhabit the Woods, by using themselves in Herds about the Christian Plantations. Their flesh, which in some places of this Province is the common provisor the Inhabitants feed on, and which through the extreme glut and plenty of it, being daily killed by the *Indians*, and brought in to the *English*, as well as

that which is killed by the Christian inhabitant, that doth it more for recreation, then for the benefit they reap by it. I say, the flesh of Venison becomes (as to food) rather denyed, then any way esteemed or desired. And this I speak from an experimental knowledge; For when I was under a Command, and debarr'd of a four years ranging Liberty in the Province of *Mary-Land*, the Gentleman whom I served my conditional and prefixed time withall, had at one time in his house fourscore Venisons, besides plenty of other provisions to serve his Family nine months, they being but seven in number; so that before this Venison was brought to a period by eating, it so nauseated our appetites and stomachs, that plain bread was rather courted and desired then it.

The Deer here neither in shape nor action differ from our Deer in *England*: The Park they traverse their ranging and unmeasured walks in, is bounded

and

and impanell'd in with no other pale
then the rough and billowed Ocean.
They are also mighty numerous in the
Woods, and are little or not at all
affrighted at the face of a man, but
(like the Does of *Whetstons* Park
though their hydes are not altogether
so gaudy to extract an admiration from
the beholder, yet they will stand (almost
till they be scratcht.

As for the Wolves, Bears, and
Panthers of this Country, they inhabit
commonly in great multitudes up in
the remotest parts of the Continent
yet at some certain time they come
down near the Plantations, but do little
hurt or injury worth noting, and that
which they do is of so degenerate and
low a nature, (as in reference to the
fierceness and heroick vigour that dwell
in the same kind of Beasts in other
Countries) that they are hardly worth
mentioning: For the highest of their
designs and circumventing reaches is
but cowardly and base, only to steal

oor Pigg, or kill a lost and half starved Calf. The Effigies of a man terrifies them dreadfully, for they no sooner spy him but their hearts are at their mouths, and the spurs upon their heels, they (having no more manners then beasts) gallop away, and never bid them farewell that are behind them.

The Elke, the Cat of the Mountain, the Rackoon, the Fox, the Beaver, the Otter, the Possum, the Hare, the quirril, the Monack, the Musk-Rat, and several others (whom I'll omit for brevity sake) inhabit here in *Maryland* in several droves and troops, ranging the Woods at their pleasure.

The meat of most of these Creatures is good for eating, yet of no value nor esteem here, by reason of the great plenty of other provisions, and are only kill'd by the *Indians* of the Country for their Hydes and Furrs, which become very profitable to those that have the right way of traffiquing for them, as well as it redounds to the

Indians that take the pains to catch them, and to flay and dress their several Hydes, selling and disposing them for such Commodities as their Heathenish fancy delights in.

As for those Beasts, that were carried over at the first seating of the Country to stock and increase the situation, as Cows, Horses, Sheep and Hogs, they are generally tame, and use near home, especially the Cows, Sheep and Horses. The Hogs, whose increase is innumerable in the Woods, do disfrequent home more then the rest of Creatures that are look'd upon as tame, yet with little trouble and pains they are slain and made provision of. Now they that will with a right Historical Survey, view the Woods of *Mary-Land* in this particular, as in reference to Swine, must upon necessity judge this Land lineally descended from the *Gadarean Territories*.

Mary-Land (I must confess) cannot boast of her plenty of Sheep here, as

other Countries; not but that they will thrive and increase here, as well as in any place of the World besides, but few desire them, because they commonly draw down the Wolves among the Plantations, as well by the sweetness of their flesh, as by the humility of their nature, in not making a defensive resistance against the rough dealing of a ravenous Enemy. They who for curiosity will keep Sheep, may expect that after the Wolves have breathed themselves all day in the Woods to sharpen their stomachs, they will come without fail and sup with them at night, though many times they surfeit themselves with the sawce that's dish'd out of the muzzle of a Gun, and so in the midst of their banquet (poor Animals) they often sleep with their Ancestors.

Fowls of all sorts and varieties dwell at their several times and seasons here in *Mary-Land*: The Turkey, the Woodcock, the Pheasant, the Partrich, the Pigeon, and others, especially the

Turkey, whom I have seen in whole hundreds in flights in the Woods of *Mary-Land*, being an extraordinary fat Fowl, whose flesh is very pleasant and sweet. These Fowls that I have named are intayled from generation to generation to the Woods. The Swans, the Geese and Ducks (with other Water-Fowl) derogate in this point of settled residence; for they arrive in millionous multitudes in *Mary-Land* about the middle of *September*, and take their winged farewell about the midst of *March*: But while they do remain, and beleagure the borders of the shoar with their winged Dragoons, several of them are summoned by a Writ of *Fieri facias*, to answer their presumptuous contempt upon a Spit.

As for Fish, which dwell in the watry recesses of the deep, and by a providential greatness of power, is kept for the relief of several Countries in the world, (which would else sink under the rigid enemy of want) here in

Mary-Land is a large sufficiency, and plenty of almost all sorts of Fishes, which live and inhabit within her several Rivers and Creeks, far beyond the apprehending or crediting of those that never saw the same, which with very much ease is catched, to the great refreshment of the Inhabitants of that Province.

All sorts of Grain, as Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oates, Pease, besides several others that have their original and birth from the fertile womb of this Land, (and no where else) they all grow, increase, and thrive here in *Mary-Land*, without the chargable and laborious manuring of the Land with Dung; increasing in such a measure and plenty, by the natural richness of the Earth, with the common, beneficial and convenient showers of rain that usually wait upon the several Fields of Grain, (by a natural instinct) so that Famine (the dreadful Ghost of penury and want) is never known with his pale

*A Character of the
visage to haunt the Dominions of
Mary-Land.*

*Could'st thou (O Earth) live thus ob-
scure, and now
Within an Age, shew forth thy plenti-
ous brow
Of rich variety, gilded with fruitful
Fame,
That (Trumpet-like) doth Heraldize
thy Name,
And tells the World there is a Land now
found,
That all Earth's Globe can't parallel its
Ground?
Dwell, and be prosperous, and with thy
plenty feed
The craving Carckesses of those Souls
that need.*

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of the Government and natural disposition of the People.

MARY-LAND, not from the remoteness of her situation, but from the regularity of her well-ordered Government, may (without sin, I think) be called *Singular*: And though she is not supported with such large Revenues as some of her Neighbours are, yet such is her wisdom in a reserved silence, and not in pomp, to shew her well-conditioned Estate, in relieving at a distance the proud poverty of those that wont be seen they want, as well as those which by undeniable necessities are drove upon the Rocks of pinching wants: Yet such a loathsome creature is a common and folding-handed Begger, that upon the penalty of almost a perpetual working in Imprisonment, they are not to appear, nor lurk near our vigilant and laborious dwellings.

The Country hath received a general spleen and antipathy against the very name and nature of it; and though there were no Law provided (as there is) to suppress it, I am certainly confident, there is none within the Province that would lower themselves so much below the dignity of men to beg, as long as limbs and life keep house together; so much is a vigilant industrious care esteem'd.

He that desires to see the real Platform of a quiet and sober Government extant, Superiority with a meek and yet commanding power sitting at the Helme, steering the actions of State quietly, through the multitude and diversity of Opinionous waves that diversly meet, let him look on *Mary-Land* with eyes admiring, and he'll then judge her, *The Miracle of this Age*.

Here the *Roman Catholick*, and the *Protestant Episcopal*, (whom the world would perswade have proclaimed open Wars irrevocably against each other)

contrarywise concur in an unanimous parallel of friendship, and inseparable love intayled unto one another: All Inquisitions, Martyrdom, and Banishments are not so much as named, but unexpressably abhorr'd by each other.

The several Opinions and Sects that lodge within this Government, meet not together in mutinous contempts to disquiet the power that bears Rule, but with a reverend quietness obeys the legal commands of Authority. Here's never seen Five Monarchies in a Zealous Rebellion, opposing the Rights and Liberties of a true settled Government, or Monarchical Authority: Nor did I ever see (here in *Mary-Land*) any of those dancing Adamicall Sisters, that plead a primitive Innocency for their base obscenity, and naked deportment; but I conceive if some of them were there at some certain time of the year, between the Months of *January* and *February*, when the winds blow from the North-West quarter of the world,

that it would both cool, and (I believe) convert the hottest of these Zealots from their burning and fiercest Concupiscence.

The Government of this Province doth continually, by all lawful means, strive to purge her Dominions from such base corroding humors, that would predominate upon the least smile of Liberty, did not the Laws check and bridle in those unwarranted and tumultuous Opinions. And truly, where a Kingdom, State or Government, keeps or cuts down the weeds of destructive Opinions, there must certainly be a blessed Harmony of quietness. And I really believe this Land or Government of *Mary-Land* may boast, that she enjoys as much quietness from the disturbance of Rebellious Opinions, as most States or Kingdoms do in the world: For here every man lives quietly, and follows his labour and employment desiredly; and by the protection of the Laws, they are supported from those

those molestious troubles that ever attend upon the Commons of other States and Kingdoms, as well as from the Aquafortial operation of great and eating Taxes. Here's nothing to be reeved out of the Granaries of Corn; but contrarywise, by a Law every Domestick Governor of a Family is enjoyned to make or cause to be made so much Corn by a just limitation, as shall be sufficient for him and his Family: So that by this wise and *Janus*-like providence, the thin-jawed Skeliton with his starv'd Carcases is never seen walking the Woods of *Mary-Land* to affrighten Children.

Once every year within this Province is an Assembly called, and out of every respective County (by the consent of the people) there is chosen a number of men, and to them is deliver'd up the Grievances of the Country; and they maturely debate the matters, and according to their Consciences make Laws for the general good of the people.

ple; and where any former Law that was made, seems and is prejudicial to the good or quietness of the Land, it is repeal'd. These men that determine on these matters for the Republique, are called Burgessees, and they commonly sit in Junto about six weeks, being for the most part good ordinary Housholders of the several Counties, which do more by a plain and honest Conscience, then by artificial Syllogisms drest up in gilded Orations.

Here Suits and Tryals in Law seldom hold dispute two Terms or Courts, but according as the Equity of the Cause appears is brought to a period. The *Temples* and *Grays-Inne* are clear out of fashion here: *Marriot* would sooner get a paunch-devouring meal for nothing, then for his invading Counsil. Here if the Lawyer had nothing else to maintain him but his bawling, he might button up his Chops, and burn his Buckrom Bag, or else hang it upon a pin untill its Antiquity

and eaten it up with dirt and dust :
then with a Spade, like his Grandfire
dam, turn up the face of the Creation,
purchasing his bread by the sweat of his
tows, that before was got by the mo-
nated Water-works of his jaws. So
contrary to the Genius of the people,
not to the quiet Government of the
rovine, that the turbulent Spirit of
ontinued and vexatious Law, with all
s querks and evasions, is openly and
most eagerly opposed, that might make
matters either dubious, tedious, or trou-
lesom. All other matters that would
e ranging in contrary and improper
pheres, (in short) are here by the
power moderated, lower'd, and sub-
ued. All villanous Outrages that are
ommitted in other States, are not so
uch as known here : A man may
alk in the open Woods as secure from
ing externally dissected, as in his
own house or dwelling. So hateful
a Robber, that if but once ima-
in'd to be so, he's kept at a distance,
and

and shun'd as the Pestilential noy
someness.

It is generally and very remarkably
observed, That those whose Lives and
Conversations have had no other gloss
nor glory stamp'd on them in their own
Country, but the Stigmatization of
baseness, were here (by the common
civilities and deportments of the Inha-
bitants of this Province) brought to
detest and loath their former actions:
Here the Constable hath no need of a
train of Holbertees, that carry more
Armour about them, then heart to
guard him: Nor is he ever troubled to
leave his Feathered Nest to some friend-
ly successor, while he is placing of his
Lantern-horn Guard at the end of
some suspicious Street, to catch some
Night-walker, or Bachelor of Leacree-
ry, that has taken his Degree three
story high in a Bawdy-house. Here's
no *Newgates* for pilfering Felons, nor
Ludgates for Debtors, nor any *Bride-
wells* to lash the soul of Concupiscence

into a chaste Repentance. For as there
is none of these Prisons in *Mary-Land*,
the merits of the Country deserves
none, but if any be foully vitious, he is
so reserv'd in it, that he seldom or never
becomes popular. Common Ale-
houses, (whose dwellings are the only
Receptacles of debauchery and base-
ness, and those Schools that trains up
youth, as well as Age, to ruine) in this
Province there are none; neither hath
youth his swing or range in such a pro-
fuse and unbridled liberty as in other
Countries; for from an ancient Custom
at the primitive seating of the place, the
Son works as well as the Servant, (an
excellent cure for untam'd Youth) so
that before they eat their bread, they
are commonly taught how to earn it;
which makes them by that time Age
speaks them capable of receiving that
which their Parents indulgency is ready
to give them, and which partly is by
their own laborious industry purchased,
they manage it with such a serious, grave
and

and watching care, as if they had been Masters of Families, trained up in the domestick and governing power from their Cradles. These Christian Natives of the Land, especially those of the Masculine Sex, are generally conveniently confident, reservedly subtle, quick in apprehending, but slow in resolving; and where they spy profit sailing towards them with the wings of a prosperous gale, there they become much familiar. The Women differ something in this point, though not much: They are extreme bashful at the first view, but after a continuance of time hath brought them acquainted, there they become discreetly familiar, and are much more talkative than men. All Complemental Courtships, dressed up in critical Rarities, are meer strangers to them, plain wit comes nearest their Genius; so that he that intends to Court a *Mary-Land* Girl, must have something more than the Tautologies of a long-winded speech to carry on his design.

esign, or else he may (for ought I now) fall under the contempt of her town, and his own windy Oration.

One great part of the Inhabitants of this Province are desirably Zealous, great pretenders to Holiness; and where any thing appears that carries on the Frontispiece of its Effigies the stamp of Religion, though fundamentally never so imperfect, they are suddenly taken with it, and out of an eager desire to any thing that's new, not weighing the sure matter in the Ballance of Reason, are very apt to be catcht. *Quakerism* is the only Opinion that bears the Bell away: The *Anabaptists* have little to say here, as well as in other places, since the Ghost of *John of Leyden* haunts their Conventicles. The *Adamite*, *Ranter*, and *Fift-Monarchy men*, *Mary-Land* cannot, nay will not digest within her liberal stomach such corroding morsels: So that this Province is an utter Enemy to blasphemous and zealous Imprecations, drain'd from

from the Lymbeck of hellish and damnable Spirits, as well as profuse prophaness, that issues from the prodigality of none but crackt-brain Sots.

*'Tis said the Gods lower down that Chain
above.*

*That ties both Prince and Subject up in
Love;*

*And if this Fiction of the Gods be true,
Few, Mary-Land, in this can boast but
you:*

*Live ever blest, and let those Clouds
that do*

*Eclipse most States, be alwayes Lights
to you;*

*And dwelling so, you may for ever be
The only Emblem of Tranquility.*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

*The necessariness of Servitude proved,
with the common usage of Servants
in Mary-Land, together with their
Priviledges.*

AS there can be no Monarchy with-
out the Supremacy of a King and
Crown, nor no King without Subjects,
or any Parents without it be by the
fruitful off-spring of Children; neither
can there be any Masters, unless it be
by the inferior Servitude of those that
live well under them, by a commanding
joynment: And since it is ordained
from the original and superabounding
wisdom of all things, That there should
be Degrees and Diversities amongst
the Sons of men, in acknowledging of
Superiority from Inferiors to Superi-
ors; the Servant with a reverent and
fitting Obedience is as liable to this
law in a measurable performance to
him whom he serves, as the loyalest

of Subjects to his Prince. Then since it is a common and ordained Fate, that there must be Servants as well as Masters, and that good Servitudes are those Colledges of Sobriety that checks in the giddy and wild-headed youth from his profuse and uneven course of life, by a limited constraint, as well as it otherwise agrees with the moderate and discreet Servant: Why should there be such an exclusive Obstacle in the minds and unreasonable dispositions of many people, against the limited time of convenient and necessary Servitude, when it is a thing so requisite, that the best of Kingdoms would be unhing'd from their quiet and well settled Government without it? Which levelling doctrine we here of *England* in this latter age (whose womb was truss'd out with nothing but confused Rebellion) have too much experienced, and was daily rung into the ears of the tumultuous Vulgar by the Bell-weather Sectaries of the Times:

But

But (blessed be God) those Clouds are blown over, and the Government of the Kingdom coucht under a more stable form.

There is no truer Emblem of Confusion either in Monarchy or Domestick Governments, then when either the Subject, or the Servant, strives for the upper hand of his Prince, or Master, and to be equal with him, from whom he receives his present subsistence: Why then, if Servitude be so necessary that no place can be governed in order, nor people live without it, this may serve to tell those which prick up their ears and bray against it, That they are none but Asses, and deserve the Bridle of a strict commanding power to reine them in: For I'me certainly confident, that there are several Thousands in most Kingdoms of Christendom, that could not at all live and subsist, unless they had served some prefixed time, to learn either some Trade, Art, or Science, and by either

of them to extract their present livelihood.

Then methinks this may stop the mouths of those that will indiscreetly compassionate them that dwell under necessary Servitudes; for let but Parents of an indifferent capacity in Estates, when their Childrens age by computation speak them seventeen or eighteen years old, turn them loose to the wide world, without a seven years working Apprenticeship, (being just brought up to the bare formality of a little reading and writing) and you shall immediately see how weak and shiftless they'll be towards the maintaining and supporting of themselves; and (without either stealing or begging) their bodies like a Sentinel must continually wait to see when their Souls will be frighted away by the pale Ghost of a starving want.

Then let such, where Providence hath ordained to live as Servants, either in *England* or beyond Sea, endure the

prefixed yolk of their limited time with
patience, and then in a small computa-
tion of years, by an industrious endea-
vour, they may become Masters and
Mistresses of Families themselves. And
let this be spoke to the deserved praise
of *Mary-Land*, That the four years
served there were not to me so slavish,
as a two years Servitude of a Handi-
craft Apprenticeship was here in *Lon-
don*; *Volenti enim nil difficile*: Not
that I write this to seduce or delude
any, or to draw them from their native
soyle, but out of a love to my Country-
men, whom in the general I wish well
to, and that the lowest of them may live
in such a capacity of Estate, as that the
interest of their Livelihoods might
not altogether depend upon persons of
the greatest extendments.

Now those whose abilities here in
England are capable of maintaining
themselves in any reasonable and hand-
some manner, they had best so to re-
main, lest the roughness of the Ocean.

together with the staring visages of the wilde Animals, which they may see after their arrival into the Country, may alter the natural dispositions of their bodies, that the stay'd and solid part that kept its motion by Doctor *Trigs* purgationary operation, may run beyond the byas of the wheel in a violent and laxative confusion.

Now contrarywise, they who are low, and make bare shifts to buoy themselves up above the shabby center of beggarly and incident casualties, I heartily could wish the removal of some of them into *Mary-Land*, which would make much better for them that stay'd behind, as well as it would advantage those that went.

They whose abilities cannot extend to purchase their own transportation over into *Mary-Land*, (and surely he that cannot command so small a sum for so great a matter, his life must needs be mighty low and dejected) I say they may for the debarment of a four

years fordid liberty, go over into this Province and there live plentifully well. And what's a four years Servitude to advantage a man all the remainder of his dayes, making his predecessors happy in his sufficient abilities, which he attained to partly by the restraintment of so small a time ?

Now those that commit themselves unto the care of the Merchant to carry them over, they need not trouble themselves with any inquisitive search touching their Voyage ; for there is such an honest care and provision made for them all the time they remain aboard the Ship, and are sailing over, that they want for nothing that is necessary and convenient.

The Merchant commonly before they go aboard the Ship, or set themselves in any forwardness for their Voyage, has Conditions of Agreements drawn between him and those that by a voluntary consent become his Servants, to serve him, his Heirs or Assigns, ac-

cording as they in their primitive acquaintance have made their bargain, some two, some three, some four years; and whatever the Master or Servant ties himself up to here in *England* by Condition, the Laws of the Province will force a performance of when they come there: Yet here is this Priviledge in it when they arrive, If they dwell not with the Merchant they made their first agreement withall, they may choose whom they will serve their prefixed time with; and after their curiosity has pitcht on one whom they think fit for their turn, and that they may live well withall, the Merchant makes an Assignment of the Indenture over to him whom they of their free will have chosen to be their Master, in the same nature as we here in *England* (and no otherwise) turn over Covenant Servants or Apprentices from one Master to another. Then let those whose chaps are alwayes breathing forth those filthy dregs of abusive exclamations, which

which are Lymbeckt from their sottish and preposterous brains, against this Country of *Mary-Land*, saying, That those which are transported over thither, are sold in open Market for Slaves, and draw in Carts like Horses; which is so damnable an untruth, that if they should search to the very Center of Hell, and enquire for a Lye of the most antient and damned stamp, I confidently believe they could not find one to parallel this: For know, That the Servants here in *Mary-Land* of all Colonies, distant or remote Plantations, have the least cause to complain, either for strictness of Servitude, want of Provisions, or need of Apparel: Five dayes and a half in the Summer weeks is the allotted time that they work in; and for two months, when the Sun predominates in the highest pitch of his heat, they claim an antient and customary Priviledge, to repose themselves three hours in the day within the house, and this is undeniably

bly granted to them that work in the Fields.

In the Winter time, which lasteth three months, (*viz.*) *December, January, and February*, they do little or no work or imployment, save cutting of wood to make good fires to sit by, unless their Ingenuity will prompt them to hunt the Deer, or Bear, or recreate themselves in Fowling, to slaughter the Swans, Geese, and Turkeys, (which this Country affords in a most plentiful manner :) For every Servant has a Gun, Powder and Shot allowed him, to sport him withall on all Holidayes and leasurable times, if he be capable of using it, or be willing to learn.

Now those Servants which come over into this Province, being Artificers, they never (during their Servitude) work in the Fields, or do any other imployment save that which their Handicraft and Mechanick endeavors are capable of putting them upon, and are esteem'd as well by their Masters,

as those that imploy them, above measure. He that's a Tradesman here in *Mary-Land*, (though a Servant) lives as well as most common Handicrafts do in *London*, though they may want something of that Liberty which Freemen have, to go and come at their pleasure; yet if it were rightly understood and considered, what most of the Liberties of the several poor Tradesmen are taken up about, and what a care and trouble attends that thing they call Liberty, which according to the common translation is but Idleness, and (if weighed in the Ballance of a just Reason) will be found to be much heavier and cloggy then the four years restraintment of a *Mary-Land* servitude. He that lives in the nature of a Servant in this Province, must serve but four years by the Custom of the Country; and when the expiration of his time speaks him a Freeman, there's a Law in the Province, that enjoyns his Master whom he hath served to give him Fifty Acres
of

of Land, Corn to serve him a whole year, three Sutes of Apparel, with things necessary to them, and Tools to work withall; so that they are no sooner free, but they are ready to set up for themselves, and when once entred, they live passingly well.

The Women that go over into this Province as Servants, have the best luck here as in any place of the world besides; for they are no sooner on shoar, but they are courted into a Copulative Matrimony, which some of them (for ought I know) had they not come to such a Market with their Virginity, might have kept it by them untill it had been mouldy, unless they had let it out by a yearly rent to some of the Inhabitants of *Lewknors-lane*, or made a Deed of Gift of it to Mother *Coney*, having only a poor stipend out of it, untill the Gallows or Hospital called them away. Men have not altogether so good luck as Women in this kind, or natural preferment, without

they be good Rhetoricians, and well vers'd in the Art of perswasion, then (probably) they may ryvet themselves in the time of their Servitude into the private and reserved favour of their Mistress, if Age speak their Master deficient.

In short, touching the Servants of this Province, they live well in the time of their Service, and by their restraint in that time, they are made capable of living much better when they come to be free; which in several other parts of the world I have observed, That after some Servants have brought their indented and limited time to a just and legal period by Servitude, they have been much more incapable of supporting themselves from sinking into the Gulf of a slavish, poor, fettered, and entangled life, then all the fastness of their prefixed time did involve them in before.

Now the main and principal Reason of those incident casualties, that wait
con-

continually upon the residencies of most poor Artificers, is (I gather) from the multiplicity or innumerableness of those several Companies of Tradesmen that dwell so closely and stiflingly together in one and the same place, that like the chafing Gum in Watered Tabby, they eat into the folds of one anothers Estates. And this might easily be remedied, would but some of them remove and disperse distantly where want and necessity calls for them their dwellings (I am confident) would be much larger, and their condition much better, as well in reference to their Estates, as to the satisfactoriness of their minds; having a continual employment, and from that employment continual benefit, without either begging, seducing, or flattering for it, encroaching that one month from one of the same profession, that they are healed out themselves the next. For I have observed on the other side of *Mary-Land*, that the whole course of most

most Mechanical endeavors, is to catch, snatch, and undervalue one another, to get a little work, or a Customer; which when they have attained by their low-built and sneaking circumventings, it stands upon so flashy, mutable, and transitory a foundation, that the best of his hopes is commonly extinguish'd before the poor undervalued Tradesman is warm in the enjoyment of his Customer.

Then did not a cloud of low and base Cowardize eclipse the Spirits of these men, these things might easily be diverted; but they had as live take a Bear by the tooth, as think of leaving their own Country, though they live among their own National people, and are governed by the same Laws they have here, yet all this wont do with them; and all the Reason they can tender to the contrary is, There's a great Sea betwixt them and *Mary-Land*, and in that Sea there are Fishes, and not only Fishes but great Fishes, and then
should

should a Ship meet with such an inconsiderable encounter as a Whale, one blow with his tayle, and then *Lord have Mercy upon us*: Yet meet with these men in their common Exchange, which is one story high in the bottom of a Cellar, disputing over a Black-pot, it would be monstrously dreadful here to insert the particulars, one swearing that he was the first that scaled the Walls of *Dundee*, when the Bullets flew about their ears as thick as Hail-stones usually fall from the Sky; which if it were but rightly examined, the most dangerous Engagement that ever he was in, was but at one of the flashy battels at *Finsbury*, where commonly there's more Custard greedily devoured, then men prejudiced by the rigour of the War. Others of this Company relating their several dreadful exploits, and when they are just entring into the particulars, let but one step in and interrupt their discourse, by telling them of a Sea Voyage, and the violency of storms

storms that attends it, and that there are no back-doors to run out at, which they call, a *handsom Retreat and Charge again*; the apprehensive danger of this is so powerful and penetrating on them, that a damp sweat immediately involves their Microcosm, so that *Margery* the old Matron of the Cellar, is fain to run for a half-peny-worth of *Angelica* to rub their nostrils; and though the Port-hole of their bodies has been stopt from a convenient Evacuation some several months, they'll need no other Suppository to open the Orifice of their Esculent faculties then this Relation, as their Drawers or Breeches can more at large demonstrate to the inquisitive search of the curious.

Now I know that some will be apt to judge, that I have written this last part out of derision to some of my poor Mechanick Country-men: Truly I must needs tell those to their face that think so of me, that they prejudice me

extremely, by censuring me as guilty of any such crime : What I have written is only to display the sordidness of their dispositions, who rather than they will remove to another Country to live plentifully well, and give their Neighbors more Elbow-room and space to breath in, they will croud and throng upon one another, with the pressure of a beggarly and unnecessary weight.

That which I have to say more in this business, is a hearty and desirous wish, that the several poor Tradesmen here in *London* that I know, and have borne an ocular testimony of their want, might live so free from care as I did when I dwelt in the bonds of a four years Servitude in *Mary-Land*.

*Be just (Domestick Monarchs) unto them
That dwell as Household Subjects to each
Realm;*

Let not your Power make you be too
 severe,
 Where there's small faults reign in your
 sharp Career :
 So that the Worlds base yelping Crew
 May'nt bark what I have wrote is writ
 untrue,
 So use your Servants, if there come no
 more,
 They may serve Eight, instead of ser-
 ving Four.

CHAP. IV.

Upon Trafique, and what Merchan-
 dizing Commodities this Province
 affords, also how Tobacco is planted
 and made fit for Commerce.

TRafique, Commerce, and Trade,
 are those great wheeles that by
 their circular and continued motion,
 turn into most Kingdoms of the Earth

the plenty of abundant Riches that they are commonly fed withall: For Traffique in his right description, is the very Soul of a Kingdom; and should but Fate ordain a removal of it for some years, from the richest and most populous Monarchy that dwells in the most fertile clyme of the whole Universe, he would soon find by a woful experiment, the miss and loss of so reviving a supporter. And I am certainly confident, that *England* would as soon feel her feebleness by withdrawment of so great an upholder; as well in reference to the internal and healthful preservative of her Inhabitants, for want of those Medicinal Drugs that are landed upon her Coast every year, as the external profits, Glory and beneficial Graces that accrue by her.

Paracelsus might knock down his Forge, if Traffique and Commerce should once cease, and grynde the hilt of his Sword into Powder, and take some of the Infusion to make him so

valorous, that he might cut his own Throat in the honor of *Mercury*: *Galen* might then burn his Herbal, and like *Joseph of Arimathea*, build him a Tomb in his Garden, and so rest from his labours: Our Physical Collegians of *London* would have no cause then to thunder Fire-balls at *Nich. Culpeppers* Dispensatory: All Herbs, Roots, and Medicines would bear their original christening, that the ignorant might understand them: *Album grecum* would not be *Album grecum* then, but a Dogs turd would be a Dogs turd in plain terms, in spite of their teeth.

If Trade should once cease, the Custom-house would soon miss her hundreds and thousands Hogs-heads of Tobacco, that use to be throng in her every year, as well as the Grocers would in their Ware-houses and Boxes, the Gentry and Commonalty in their Pipes, the Physician in his Dings and Medicinal Compositions: Tie

(deering) Waiters for want of employment, might (like so many *Diogenes*) intomb themselves in their empty Casks, and rouling themselves off the Key into the *Thames*, there wander up and down from tide to tide in contemplation of *Aristotles* unresolved curiosity, until the rottenness of their circular habitation give them a *Quietus est*, and fairly surrender them up into the custody of those who both for profession, disposition and nature, lay as near claim to them, as if they both tumbled in one belly, and for name they jump alike, being according to the original translation both *Sharkes*.

Silks and Cambricks, and Lawns to make sleeves, would be as soon miss'd at Court, as Gold and Silver would be in the Mint and Pockets: The Low-Country Soldier would be at a cold stand for Outlandish Furrs to make him Muffs, to keep his ten similitudes warm in the Winter, as well as the Furrier for want of Skins to uphold his Trade.

Should

Should Commerce once cease, there is no Country in the habitable world but would undoubtedly miss that flourishing, splendid and rich gallantry of Equipage, that Trafique maintained and drest her up in, before she received that fatal Eclipse: *England, France, Germany and Spain*, together with all the Kingdoms ———

But stop (good Muse) lest I should, like the Parson of *Pancras*, run so far from my Text in half an hour, that a two hours trot back again would hardly fetch it up: I had best while I am alive in my Doctrine, to think again of *Mary-Land*, lest the business of other Countries take up so much room in my brain, that I forget and bury her in oblivion.

The three main Commodities this Country affords for Trafique, are Tobacco, Furrs, and Flesh. Furrs and Skins, as Beavers, Otters, Musk-Rats, Rackoons, Wild-Cats, and Elke or Buffeloe, with divers others, which

A Character of the

were first made vendible by the *Indians* of the Country, and sold to the Inhabitant, and by them to the Merchant, and so transported into *England* and other places where it becomes most commodious.

Tobacco is the only solid Staple Commodity of this Province: The use of it was first found out by the *Indians* many Ages agoe, and transferr'd into Christendom by that great Discoverer of *America* *Columbus*: It's generally made by all the Inhabitants of this Province, and between the months of *March* and *April* they sow the seed, (which is much smaller then Mustard-seed) in small beds and patches digg'd up and made so by art, and about *May* the Plants commonly appear green in those beds: In *June* they are transplanted from their beds, and set in little hillocks in distant rows, dug up for the same purpose; some twice or thrice they are weeded, and succoured from their illegitimate Leaves that would

would be peeping out from the body of the Stalk. They top the several Plants as they find occasion in their predominating rankness : About the middle of *September* they cut the Tobacco down, and carry it into houses, (made for that purpose) to bring it to its purity : And after it has attained by a convenient attendance upon time, to its perfection, it is then tyed up in bundles, and packt into Hogs-heads, and then laid by for the Trade.

Between *November* and *January* there arrives in this Province Shipping to the number of twenty sail and upwards, all Merchant-men loaden with Commodities to Trafique and dispose of, trucking with the Planter for Silks, Hollands, Serges, and Broad-clothes, with other necessary Goods, priz'd at such and such rates as shall be judg'd on a fair and legal, for Tobacco at so much the pound, and advantage on both sides considered; the Planter for his work, and the Merchant for adventuring

turing himself and his Commodity into so far a Country : Thus is the Trade on both sides drove on with a fair and honest *Decorum*.

The Inhabitants of this Province are seldom or never put to the affrightment of being robb'd of their money, nor to dirty their Fingers by telling of vast sums : They have more bags to carry Corn, then Coyn ; and though they want, but why should I call that a want which is only a necessary miss ? the very effects of the dirt of this Province affords as great a profit to the general Inhabitant, as the Gold of *Peru* doth to the straight-breecht Commonalty of the *Spaniard*.

Our Shops and Exchanges of *Mary Land*, are the Merchants Store-houses where with few words and protestation Goods are bought and delivered ; no like those Shop-keepers Boys in *London*, that continually cry, *What do y lack Sir ? What-d' ye buy ?* yelping with so wide a mouth, as if some Apo
thecar

necary had hired their mouths to stand open to catch Gnats and Vagabond flies in.

Tobacco is the currant Coyne of *Mary-Land*, and will sooner purchase Commodities from the Merchant, then money. I must confess the *New-England* men that trade into this Province, had rather have fat Pork for their Goods, then Tobacco or Furrs; which I conceive is, because their bodies being fast bound up with the cords of restraining Zeal, they are fain to make use of the lineaments of this *Son-Canaanite* creature physically to loosen them; for a bit of a pound upon two-penny Rye loaf, according to the original Receipt, will bring the costivest head-ear'd Zealot in some three hours to a fine stool, if methodically observed.

Medera-Wines, *Sugars*, *Salt*, *Wickar-Chairs*, and *Tin Candlesticks*, the most of the Commodities they bring in: They arrive in *Mary-Land* about

about *September*, being most of their Ketches and Barks, and such small Vessels, and those dispersing themselves into several small Creeks of this Province, to sell and dispose of their Commodities, where they know the Market is most fit for their small Adventures.

Barbadoes, together with the several adjacent Islands, has much Provision yearly from this Province: And though these Sun-burnt *Phaetons* think to out-vye *Mary-Land* in their Silks and Puffs daily speaking against her whom their necessities makes them beholding to and like so many *Don Diego*s that be cackt *Pauls*, cock their Felts and loobig upon't; yet if a man could go down into their infernals, and see how it fare with them there, I believe he would hardly find any other Spirit to buo them up, then the ill-visaged Ghost want, that continually wanders from gut to gut to feed upon the undigested rynes of Potatoes.

Trafique is Earth's great Atlas, that
supports
The pay of Armies, and the height of
Courts,
And makes Mechanicks live, that else
would die
Weer starving Martyrs to their penury:
None but the Merchant of this thing can
boast,
He, like the Bee, comes loaden from each
Coast,
And to all Kingdoms, as within a Hive,
Stows up those Riches that doth make
them thrive:
Be thrifty, Mary-Land, keep what thou
hast in store,
And each years Trafique to thy self get
more.



*A Relation of the Customs,
Manners, Absurdities, and
Religion of the Susquehanna
Indians in and near
Mary-Land.*

AS the diversities of Language
(since *Babels* confusion) ha
made the distinction between
people and people, in this Christendom
part of the world; so are they distin
guished Nation from Nation, by the
diversities and confusion of their Speech
and Languages here in *America*: And
as every Nation differs in their Laws
Manners and Customs, in *Europe*, *Asia*
and

nd *Africa*, so do they the very same
ere; That it would be a most intricate
nd laborious trouble, to run (with a
escription) through the several Na-
ions of *Indians* here in *America*, con-
sidering the innumerableness and diver-
ities of them that dwell on this vast
nd unmeasured Continent: But rather
hen I'll be altogether silent, I shall do
like the Painter in the Comedy, who
being to limne out the Pourtraiture of
he Furies, as they severally appeared,
set himself behind a Pillar, and between
right and amazement, drew them by
guess. Those *Indians* that I have
convers'd withall here in this Province
of *Mary-Land*, and have had any oc-
ular experimental view of either of
their Customs, Manners, Religions,
nd Absurdities, are called by the name
of *Susquehanecks*, being a people lookt
upon by the Christian Inhabitants, as
the most Noble and Heroick Nation
of *Indians* that dwell upon the confines
of *America*; also are so allowed and
lookt

lookt upon by the rest of the *Indians* by a submissive and tributary acknowledgement; being a people cast into the mould of a most large and Warlike deportment, the men being for the most part seven foot high in latitude and in magnitude and bulk suitable to so high a pitch; their voyce large and hollow, as ascending out of a Cave, their gate and behavior strait, stately and majestick, treading on the Earth with as much pride, contempt, and disdain to so sordid a Center, as can be imagined from a creature derived from the same mould and Earth.

Their bodies are cloth'd with no other Armour to defend them from the nipping frosts of a benumbing Winter, or the penetrating and scorching influence of the Sun in a hot Summer, then what Nature gave them when they parted with the dark receptacle of their Mothers womb. They go Men, Women and Children, all naked, only where shame leads them by a natural instinct

instinct to be reservedly modest, there they become covered. The formality of *Jezebels* artificial Glory is much courted and followed by these *Indians*, only in matter of colours (I conceive) they differ. The *Indians* paint upon their faces one stroke of red, another of green, another of white, and another of black, so that when they have accomplished the Equipage of their Countenance in this trim, they are the only Hieroglyphicks and Representatives of the Furies. Their skins are naturally white, but altered from their originals by the several dyings of Roots and Barks, that they prepare and make useful to metamorphize their hydes into a dark Cinamon brown. The hair of their head is black, long and harsh, but where Nature hath appointed the situation of it any where else, they divert it (by an antient custom) from its growth, by pulling it up hair by hair by the root in its primitive appearance. Several of them wear divers impressions

on their breasts and armes, as the picture of the Devil, Bears, Tigers, and Panthers, which are imprinted on their several lineaments with much difficulty and pain, with an irrevocable determination of its abiding there: And this they count a badge of Heroick Valour, and the only Ornament due to their *Heroes*.

These *Susquechanock Indians* are for the most part great Warriours, and seldom sleep one Summer in the quiet arms of a peaceable Rest, but keep (by their present Power, as well as by their former Conquest) the several Nations of *Indians* round about them, in a forceable obedience and subjection.

Their Government is wrapt up in so various and intricate a Laborynth, that the speculativst Artist in the whole World, with his artificial and natural Opticks, cannot see into the rule or sway of these *Indians*, to distinguish what name of Government to call them by; though

though *Purchas* in his *Peregrination* between *London* and *Essex*, (which he calls the whole World) will undertake (forsooth) to make a Monarchy of them, but if he had said Anarchy, his word would have pass'd with a better belief. All that ever I could observe in them as to this matter is, that he that is most cruelly Valorous, is accounted the most Noble: Here is very seldom any creeping from a Country Farm, into a Courtly Gallantry, by a sum of money; nor seeing the *Heralds* to put Daggers and Pistols into their Armes, to make the ignorant believe that they are lineally descended from the house of the Wars and Conquests; he that fights best carries it here.

When they determine to go upon some Design that will and doth require a Consideration, some fix of them get into a corner, and sit in uncto; and if thought fit, their business is made popular, and immedi-

ately put into action; if not, they make a full stop to it, and are silently reserv'd.

The Warlike Equipage they put themselves in when they prepare for *Belona's* March, is with their faces, armes, and breasts confusedly painted, their hair greazed with Bears oyl, and stuck thick with Swans Feathers, with a wreath or Diadem of black and white Beads upon their heads, a small Hatcher, instead of a Cymetre, stuck in their girts behind them, and either with Guns, or Bows and Arrows. In this posture and dress they march out from their Fort, or dwelling, to the number of Forty in a Troop, singing (or rather howling out) the Decades or Warlike exploits of their Ancestors, ranging the wide Woods untill their fury has met with an Enemy worthy of their Revenge. What Prisoners fall into their hands by the destiny of War, they treat them very civilly while they remain with them abroad, but when they

once return homewards, they then begin to dress them in the habit for death, putting on their heads and armes wreaths of Beads, greazing their hair with fat, some going before, and the rest behind, at equal distance from their Prisoners, bellowing in a strange and confused manner, which is a true presage and fore-runner of destruction to their then conquered Enemy.

In this manner of march they continue till they have brought them to their Barken City, where they deliver them up to those that in cruelty will execute them, without either the legal Judgement of a Council of War, or the benefit of their Clergy at the Common Law. The common and usual deaths they put their Prisoners to, is to bind them to stakes, making a fire some distance from them; then one or other of them, whose Genies delights in the art of Paganish dissection, with a sharp knife or flint cuts

the Cutis or outermost skin of the brow so deep, untill their nails, or rather Talons, can fasten themselves firm and secure in, then (with a most rigid jerk) disrobeth the head of skin and hair at one pull, leaving the skull almost as bare as those Monumental Skelitons at Chyrurgions-Hall; but for fear they should get cold by leaving so warm and customary a Cap off, they immediately apply to the skull a Cataplasm of hot Embers, to keep their Pericranium warm. While they are thus acting this cruelty on their heads, several others are preparing pieces of Iron, and barrels of old Guns, which they make red hot, to sear each part and lineament of their bodies, which they perform and act in a most cruel and barbarous manner: And while they are thus in the midst of their torments and execrable usage, some tearing their skin and hair of their head off by violence, others searing their bodies with hot irons, some are cutting their
flesh

flesh off, and eating it before their eyes raw while they are alive; yet all this and much more never makes them lower the Top-gallant sail of their Heroick courage, to beg with a submissive Repentance any indulgent favour from their persecuting Enemies; but with an undaunted contempt to their cruelty, eye it with so slight and mean a respect, as if it were below them to value what they did, they courageously (while breath doth libertize them) sing the summary of their Warlike Atchievements.

Now after this cruelty has brought their tormented lives to a period, they immediately fall to butchering of them into parts, distributing the several pieces amongst the Sons of War, to intomb the ruines of their deceased Conquest in no other Sepulchre then their unsanctified maws; which they with more appetite and desire do eat and digest, then if the best of foods should court their stomachs to participate of

the most restorative Banquet. Yet though they now and then feed upon the Carcasses of their Enemies, this is not a common dyet, but only a particular dish for the better sort; for there is not a Beast that runs in the Woods of *America*, but if they can by any means come at him, without any scruple of Conscience they'll eat too (without saying Grace) with a devouring greediness.

As for their Religion, together with their Rites and Ceremonies, they are so absurd and ridiculous, that its almost a sin to name them. They own no other Deity then the Devil, (solid or profound) but with a kind of a wilde imaginary conjecture, they suppose from their groundless conceits, that the World had a Maker, but where he is that made it, or whether he be living to this day, they know not. The Devil, as I said before, is all the God they own or worship; and that more out of a slavish fear, then

any

any real Reverence to his Infernal or Diabolical greatness, he forcing them to their Obedience by his rough and rigid dealing with them, often appearing visibly among them to their terrour, bastinadoing them (with cruel menaces) even unto death, and burning their Fields of Corn and houses, that the relation thereof makes them tremble themselves when they tell it.

Once in four years they Sacrifice a Childe to him, in an acknowledgement of their firm obedience to all his Devilish powers, and Hellish commands. The Priests to whom they apply themselves in matters of importance and greatest distress, are like those that attended upon the Oracle at *Delphos*, who by their Magick-spells could command a *pro* or *con* from the Devil when they pleas'd. These *Indians* oft-times raise great Tempests when they have any weighty matter or design in hand, and by blustering stormes inquire of their

their Infernal God (the Devil) *Honour* matters shall go with them either in publick or private.

When any among them depart this life, they give him no other intombment; then to set him upright upon his breech in a hole dug in the Earth some five foot long, and three foot deep, covered over with the Bark of Trees Arch-wise, with his face Due West, only leaving a hole half a foot square open. They dress him in the same Equipage and Gallantry that he used to be trim'd in when he was alive, and so bury him (if a Soldier) with his Bows, Arrows, and Target, together with all the rest of his implements and weapons of War, with a Kettle of Broth, and Corn standing before him, lest he should meet with bad quarters in his way. His Kinred and Relations follow him to the Grave, sheath'd in Bears skins for close mourning, with the rayl droyling on the ground, in imitation of our *English* Solemnners, that

that think there's nothing like a tayl a Degree in length, to follow the dead Corpse to the Grave with. Here it that snuffling Prolocutor, that waits upon the dead Monuments of the Tombs at *Westminster*, with his white Rod were there, he might walk from Tomb to Tomb with his, *Here lies the Duke of Ferrara and his Dutcheffs*, and never find any decaying vacation, unless it were in the moldering Consumption of his own Lungs. They bury all within the wall or Pallisado'd impalement of their City, or *Connadago* as they call it. Their houses are low and long, built with the Bark of Trees Arch-wise, standing thick and confusedly together. They are situated a hundred and odd miles distant from the Christian Plantations of *Mary-Land*, at the head of a River that runs into the Bay of *Chesapeake*, called by their own name, *The Susquehaneck River*, where they remain and inhabit most part of the Summer time, and seldom remove far from

from it, unless it be to subdue any Foreign Rebellion.

About *November* the best Hunters draw off to several remote places of the Woods, where they know the Deer, Bear, and Elke useth; there they build them several Cottages, which they call their Winter-quarter, where they remain for the space of three months, untill they have killed up a sufficiency of Provisions to supply their Families with in the Summer.

The Women are the Butchers, Cooks, and Tillers of the ground, the Men think it below the honour of a Masculine, to stoop to any thing but that which their Gun, or Bow and Arrows can command. The Men kill the several Beasts which they meet withall in the Woods, and the Women are the Pack horses to fetch it in upon their backs, fleying and dressing the hydes, (as well as the flesh for provision) to make them fit for Trading, and which are brought down to the

English.

English at several seasons in the year, to truck and dispose of them for course Blankets, Guns, Powder, and Lead, Beads, small Looking-glasses, Knives, and Razors.

I never observed all the while I was amongst these naked *Indians*, that ever the Women wore the Breeches, or dared either in look or action predominate over the Men. They are very constant to their Wives; and let this be spoken to their Heathenish praise, that did they not alter their bodies by their dyings, paintings, and cutting themselves, marring those Excellencies that Nature bestowed upon them in their original conceptions and birth, there would be as amiable beauties amongst them, as any *Alexandria* could afford, when *Mark Anthony* and *Cleopatra* dwelt there together. Their Marriages are short and authenrique; for after 'tis resolv'd upon by both parties, the Woman sends her intended Husband a Kettle of boyl'd Venison, or Bear; and he

he returns in lieu thereof Beaver or Otters Skins, and so their Nuptial Rites are concluded without other Ceremony.

Before I bring my Heathenish Story to a period, I have one thing worthy your observation: For as our Grammar Rules have it, *Non decet quenquam ire currentem aut mandantem*: It doth not become any man to piss running or eating. These Pagan men naturally observe the same Rule; for they are so far from running, that like a Hare, they squat to the ground as low as they can, while the Women stand bolt upright with their armes a Kimbo, performing the same action, in so confident and obscene a posture, as if they had taken their Degrees of Entrance at *Venice*, and commenced Bawds of Art at *Legerne*.



*A Collection of some Letters
that were written by the
same Author, most of them
in the time of his Servitude.*

*To my much Honored Friend
Mr. T. B.*

SIR,

Have lived with sorrow to see the
Anointed of the Lord tore from his
Throne by the hands of Paricides,
and in contempt hailed, in the view of
God, Angels and Men, upon a publick
Theatre,

Theatre, and there murthered. I have seen the sacred Temple of the Almighty, in scorn by Schismatics made the Receptracle of Theeves and Robbers, and those Religious Prayers, that in devotion Evening and Morning were offered up as a Sacrifice to our God, rent by Sacrilegious hands, and made no other use of, then sold to Brothel-houses to light Tobacco with.

Who then can stay, or will, to see things of so great weight steer'd by such barbarous Hounds as these: First were there an *Egypt* to go down to, I would involve my Liberty to them upon condition ne're more to see my Country. What? live in silence under the sway of such base actions, is to give consent; and though the lowness of my present Estate and Condition, with the hazard I put my future dayes upon, might plead a just excuse for me to stay at home; but Heavens forbid: I'll rather serve in Chains, and draw the

the Plough with Animals, till death shall stop and say, *It is enough.* Sir, if you stay behind, I wish you well: I am bound for *Mary-Land*, this day I have made some entrance into my intended Voyage, and when I have done more, you shall know of it. I have here inclosed what you of me desired, but truly trouble, discontent and business, have so amazed my senses, that what to write, or where to write, I conceive my self almost as uncapable as he that never did write. What you'll find will be *Ex tempore*, without the use of premeditation; and though there may want something of a flourishing stile to dress them forth, yet I'm certain there wants nothing of truth, will, and desire.

*Heavens bright Lamp, shine forth some
of thy Light,
But just so long to paint this dismal
Night;*

G

Then

Then draw thy beams, and hide thy glorious face,

From the dark sable Actions of this place;

Leaving these lustful Sodomites groping still,

To satisfie each dark unsatiate will,

Untill at length the crimes that they commit,

May sink them down to Hells Infernal pit.

Base and degenerate Earth, how dost thou lye,

That all that pass hiss, at thy Treachery?

Thou which couldst boast once of thy King and Crown,

By base Mechanicks now art tumbled down;

Brewers and Coblers, that have scarce an Eye,

Walk hand in hand in thy Supremacy;

And all those Courts where Majesty did Throne,

Are now the Seats for Oliver and Joan:
Persons

Persons of Honour, which did before
 inherit
 Their glorious Titles from deserved
 merit,
 Are all grown silent, and with wonder
 gaze,
 To view such Slaves drest in their
 Courtly raves;
 To see a Drayman that knows nought
 but Yeast,
 Set in a Throne like Babylons red Beast,
 While heaps of Parasites do idolize
 This red-nos'd Bell, with fawning Sa-
 crifice.
 What can we say? our King they've
 murthered,
 And those well born, are basely buried:
 Nobles are slain, and Royalists in each
 street
 Are scorn'd, and kick'd by most men that
 they meet:
 Religion's banisht, and Heresie survives,
 And none but Conventicks in this Age
 thrives.

Oh could those Romans from their Ashes
rise,

That liv'd in Nero's time: Oh how their
cries

Would our perfidious Island shake, nay
rend,

With clamorous screams unto the Heaven
send:

Oh how they'd blush to see our Crimson
crimes,

And know the Subjects Authors of these
times:

When as the Peasant he shall take his
King,

And without cause shall fall a murder-
ing him;

And when that's done, with Pride assume
the Chair,

And Nimrod-like, himself to Heaven
rear;

Command the People, make the Land
obey

His baser will, and swear to what he'll
say.

Sure,

Sure, sure our God has not these evils
sent

To please himself, but for mans punishment :

And when he shall from our dark sable
Skies

Withdraw these Clouds, and let our Sun
arise,

Our dayes will surely then in Glory shine,
Both in our Temporal, and our State di-
vine :

May this come quickly, though I may
never see

This glorious day, yet I would sympathie,
And feel a joy run through each vein
of blood,

Though Vassalled on t'other side the
Floud.

Heavens protect his Sacred Majesty,
From secret Plots, & treacherous Villany.
And that those Slaves that now predo-
minate,

Hang'd and destroy'd may be their best
of Fate ;

*And though Great Charles be distant
from his own,
Heaven I hope will seat him in his
Throne.*

Vale.

Yours in what I may,

From the Chimney-
corner upon a low
Cricket, where I
writ this in the noise
of some six Women,
Aug. 19. Anno

G. A.

*To my Honored Father,
at his House.*

SIR,

BEfore I dare bid Adieu to the old
World, or shake hands with my
native Soyl for ever, I have a Consci-
ence inwards tells me, that I must offer
up

up the Remains of that Obedience of mine, that lyes close centered within the cave of my Soul, at the Altar of your paternal Love: And though this Sacrifice of mine may shew something low and thread-bare, (at this time) yet know, That in the Zenith of all actions, Obedience is that great wheel that moves the lesser in their circular motion.

I am now entring for some time to dwell under the Government of *Nep-tune*, a Monarchy that I was never manured to live under, nor to converse with in his dreadful Aspect, neither do I know how I shall bear with his rough demands; but that God that has carried me through those many gusts a shoar, which I have met withall in the several voyages of my life, I hope will Pilot me safely to my desired Port, through the worst of Stormes I shall meet withall at Sea.

We have strange, and yet good

news aboard, that he whose vast mind
could not be contented with spacious
Territories to stretch his insatiate de-
sires on, is (by an Almighty power)
banished from his usurped Throne to
dwell among the dead. I no sooner
heard of it, but my melancholly Muse
forced me upon this ensuing Distich.

Poor vaunting Earth, gloss'd with un-
certain Pride,

That liv'd in Pomp, yet worse then
others dy'd,

Who shall blow forth a Trumpet to thy
praise?

Or call thy sable Actions shining Rayes?
Such Lights as those blaze forth the
vertues dead,

And make them live, though they are
buried.

Thou'rt gone, and to thy memory let be
said,

There lies that Oliver which of old be-
tray'd

*His King and Master, and after did
assume,
With swelling Pride, to govern in his
room.*

*Here I le rest satisf'd, Scriptures ex-
pound to me,
Tophet was made for such Supre-
macy*

The death of this great Rebel
(I hope) will prove an *Omen* to pre-
sage destruction on the rest. The
World's in a heap of troubles and con-
fusion, and while they are in the midst
of their changes and amazes, the best
way to give them the bag, is to go out
of the World and leave them. I am
now bound for *Mary-Land*, and I am
told that's a New World, but if it
prove no better then this, I shall not
get much by my change; but before
I le revoke my Resolution, I am re-
solvd to put it to adventure, for I think
it can hardly be worse then this is :
Thus

Thus committing you into the hands of
that God that made you, I rest

Your Obedient Son,

From aboard a
Ship at *Graves-*
end, Sept. 7th.

Anno

G. A.

To my Brother,

I Leave you very near in the same
condition as I am in myself, only
here lies the difference, you were bound
at *Joyners Hall in London* Apprenticed
wife, and I conditionally at *Naviga-*
tois Hall, that now rides at an Anchor
at *Gravesend*; I hope you will allow
me to live in the largest Mayordom, by
reason I am the eldest: None but the
main

main Continent of *America* will serve me for a Corporation to inhabit in now, though I am affraid for all that, that the reins of my Liberty will be something shorter then yours will be in *London*: But as to that, what Destiny has ordered I am resolved with an adventurous Resolution to subscribe to, and with a contented imbracement enjoy it. I would fain have seen you once more in this Old World, before I go into the New. I know you have a chain about your Leg, as well as I have a clog about my Neck: If you can't come, send a line or two, if not, wish me well at least: I have one thing to charge home upon you, and I hope you will take my counsel, That you have alwayes an obedient Respect and Reverence to your aged Parents, that while they live they may have comfort of you, and when that God shall sound a retreat to their eyes, that then they may with their

gray

gray hairs in joy go down to their Graves.

Thus concluding, wishing you a comfortable Servitude, a prosperous Life, and the assurance of a happy departure in the immutable love of him that made you, *Vale.*

Your Brother,

From Gravesend,
Sept. 7. Anno

G. A.

*To my much Honored Friend
Mr. T. B. at his House.*

I Am got a shoar with much ado, and it is very well it is as it is, for if I had staid a little longer, I had certainly been a Creature of the Water, for I had hardly flesh enough to carry me

to Land, not that I wanted for any thing that the Ship could afford me in reason : But oh the great bowls of Pease-porridge that appeared in sight every day about the hour twelve, ingulted the senses of my Appetite so, with the restraining quality of the Salt Beef upon the internal Inhabitants of my belly, that a *Galenist* for some dayes after my arrival, with his Bag-pipes of Physical operations, could hardly make my Puddings dance in any methodical order.

But to set by these things that happened unto me at Sea, I am now upon Land, and there I'll keep my self if I can, and for four years I am pretty sure of my restraint; and had I known my yolk would have been so easie, (as I conceive it will) I would have been here long before now, rather then to have dwelt under the pressure of a Rebellious and Trayterous Government so long as I did. I dwell now by providence

vidence in the Province of *Mary-Land*, (under the quiet Government of the Lord *Baltemore*) which Country abounds in a most glorious prosperity and plenty of all things. And though the Infancy of her situation might plead an excuse to those several imperfections (if she were guilty of any of them) which by scandalous and imaginary conjectures are falsely laid to her charge, and which she values with so little notice or perceivance of discontent, that she hardly alters her visage with a frown, to let them know she is angry with such a Rascality of people, that loves nothing better then their own sottish and abusive acclamations of baseness: To be short, the Country (so far forth as I have seen into it) is incomparable

Here is a sort of naked Inhabitants, or wilde people, that have for many ages I believe lived here in the Woods of *Mary-Land*, as well as in other parts of

of the Continent, before e're it was by the Christian Discoverers found out; being a people strange to behold, as well in their looks, which by confused paintings makes them seem dreadful, as in their sterne and heroick gait and deportments; the Men are mighty tall and big limbed, the Women not altogether so large; they are most of them very well featured, did not their wilde and ridiculous dresses alter their original excellencies: The Men are great Warriours and Hunters, the Women ingenious and laborious Housewives.

As to matter of their Worship, they own no other Deity then the Devil, and are more out of a slavish fear, then any real devotion, or willing acknowledgement to his Hellish power: They live in little small Bark Cottages, in the remote parts of the Woods, killing and eating the several Animals that they meet withall to make provision of, dressing their several Hydes and Skins

to

to Trafique withall, when a conveniency of Trade presents. I would go on further, but like Doctor Case, when he had not a word more to speak for himself, *I am affraid my beloved I have kept you too long.* Now he that made you save you, *Amen.*

Yours to command,

From Mary-Land,
Febr. 6. Anno

G. A.

And not to forget *Tom. Forge* I beseech you, tell him that my Love's the same towards him still, and as firm as it was about the overgrown Tryal, when Judgements upon Judgements, had not I stept in, would have pursued him untill the day of Judgement, &c.

To

To my Father at his
House.

SIR,

AFTER my Obedience (at so great and vast a distance) has humbly saluted you and my good Mother, with the cordialest of my prayers, wishes, and desires to wait upon you, with the very best of their effectual devotion, wishing from the very Center of my Soul your flourishing and well-being here upon Earth, and your glorious and everlasting happiness in the World to come.

These lines (my dear Parents) come from that Son which by an irregular Fate was removed from his Native home, and after a five months dangerous passage, was landed on the remote Continent of *America*, in the Province of *Mary-Land*, where now by providence

H dence

dence I reside. To give you the particulars of the several accidents that happened in our Voyage by Sea, it would swell a Journal of some sheets, and therefore too large and tedious for a Letter: I think it therefore necessary to bind up the relation in Octavo, and give it you in short.

We had a blowing and dangerous passage of it, and for some dayes after I arrived, I was an absolute *Copernicus*, it being one main point of my moral Creed, to believe the World had a pair of long legs, and walked with the burthen of the Creation upon her back. For to tell you the very truth of it, for some dayes upon Land, after so long and tossing a passage, I was so giddy that I could hardly tread an even step so that all things both above and below (that was in view) appeared to me like the *Kentish Britains* to *William the Conqueror*, in a moving posture.

Those few number of weeks since

my

my arrival, has given me but little experience to write any thing large of the Country; only thus much I can say, and that not from any imaginary conjectures, but from an ocular observation, That this Country of *Mary-Land* abounds in a flourishing variety of delightful Woods, pleasant Groves, lovely Springs, together with spacious Navigable Rivers and Creeks, it being a most healthful and pleasant situation, so far as my knowledge has yet had any view in it.

Herds of Deer are as numerous in this Province of *Mary-Land*, as Cuckolds can be in *London*, only their horns are not so well drest and tipt with silver as theirs are.

Here if the Devil had such a Vagary in his head as he had once among the *Madareans*, he might drown a thousand head of Hogs and they'd ne're be miss'd, for the very Woods of this Province swarms with them.

The Christian Inhabitant of this Province, as to the general, live wonderful well and contented : The Government of this Province is by the loyalneſs of the people, and loving demeanour of the Proprietor and Governor of the ſame, kept in a continued peace and unity.

The Servants of this Province which are ſigmatiz'd for Slaves by the clappermouth jaws of the vulgar in *England*, live more like Freemen then the moſt Mechanick Apprentices in *London*, wanting for nothing that is convenient and neceſſary, and according to their ſeveral capacities are extraordinary well uſed and reſpected. So leaving things here as I found them, and leſt I ſhould commit Sacrilege upon your more ſerious meditations, with the Tautologies of a long-winded Letter, I ſubſcribe with a heavenly Ejaculation to the God of Mercy to proſper

serve you now and for evermore,
Amen.

Your Obedient Son,

From *Mary-Land,*
Jan. 17. Anno

G. A.

To my much Honored Friend
Mr. M. F.

SIR,

YOU writ to me when I was at
Gravesend, (but I had no conve-
niency to send you an answer till now)
enjoyning me, if possible, to give you a
just Information by my diligent obser-
vance, what thing were best and most
profitable to send into this Country for
commodious Trafique.

Sir, The enclosed will demonstrate
unto you both particularly and at large,

H 3

to

to the full satisfaction of your desire, it being an Invoyee drawn as exact to the business you imployed me upon, as my weak capacity could extend to.

Sir, If you send any Adventure to this Province, let me beg to give you this advice in it; That the Factor whom you imploy be a man of a Brain, otherwise the Planter will go near to make a Skimming-dish of his Skull: I know your Genius can interpret my meaning. The people of this place (whether the saltiness of the Ocean gave them any alteration when they went over first, or their continual dwelling under the remote Clyme where they now inhabit, I know not) are a more acute people in general; in matters of Trade and Commerce, then in any other place of the World; and by their crafty and sure bargaining, do often over-reach the raw and unexperienced Merchant. To be short, he that undertakes Merchants

chants imployment for *Mary-Land*, must have more of Knave in him then Fool; he must not be a whindling piece of Formality, that will lose his Employers Goods for Conscience sake; nor a flashy piece of Prodigality, that will give his Merchants fine Hollands, Laces and Silks, to purchase the benevolence of a Female: But he must be a man of a solid confidence, carrying alwayes in his looks the Effigies of an Execution upon Command, if he supposes a baffle, or denial of payment, where a debt for his Employer is legally due.

Sir, I had like almost to forget to tell you in what part of the World I am: I dwell by providence Servant to *Mr. Thomas Stocket*, in the County of *Baltimore*, within the Province of *Mary-Land*, under the Government of the Lord *Baltimore*, being a Country abounding with the variety and diversity of all that is or may be rare.

But lest I should Tantalize you with a relation of that which is very unlikely of your enjoying, by reason of that strong Antipathy you have ever had gainst Travel, as to your own particular: I'll only tell you, that *Mary-Land* is seated within the large extending armes of *America*, between the Degrees of 36 and 38, being in Longitude from *England* eleven hundred and odd Leagues.

Vale.

From *Mary-Land*,
Jan. 17. Anno

G. A.

To my Honored Friend Mr.
T. B. at his House.

S I R,

Yours I received, wherein I find my self much obliged to you for
your

your good opinion of me, I return you millions of thanks.

Sir, You wish me well, and I pray God as well that those wishes may light upon me, and then I question not but all will do well. Those Pictures you sent sewed up in a Pastboard, with a Letter tacked on the outside, you make no mention at all what should be done with them: If they are Saints, unless I knew their names, I could make no use of them. Pray in your next let me know what they are, for my fingers itch to be doing with them one way or another. Our Government here hath had a small fit of a Rebellious Quotidian, but five Grains of the powder of Subvertment has qualified it. Pray be larger in your next how things stand in *England*: I understand His Majesty is return'd with Honour, and seated in the hereditary Throne of his Father; God bless him from Traytors, and the Church from Sacrilegious Schisms, and

and you as a loyal Subject to the one,
and a true Member to the other; while
you so continue, the God of order,
peace and tranquility, bless and pre-
serve you, *Amen.*

Vale.

Your real Friend,

From *Mary-Land,*
Febr. 20. Anno

G. A.

To my Honored Father,
at his House.

S I R,

VWith a twofold unmeasurable
joy I received your Letter :
First, in the consideration of Gods great
Mercy to you in particular, (though
weak and aged) yet to give you dayes
among

among the living. Next, that his now most Excellent Majesty *Charles* the Second, is by the omnipotent Providence of God, seated in the Throne of his Father. I hope that God that has placed him there, will give him a heart to praise and magnifie his name for ever, and a hand of just Revenge, to punish the murthering and rebellious Outrages of those Sons of shame and Apostacy, that Usurped the Throne of his Sacred Honour. Near about the time I received your Letter, (or a little before) here sprang up in this Province of *Mary-Land* a kind of pigmie Rebellion: A company of weak-witted men, which thought to have traced the steps of *Oliver* in Rebellion. They began to be mighty stiff and hidebound in their proceedings, clothing themselves with the flashy pretences of future and imaginary honour, and (had they not been suddenly quell'd) they might have done so much mischief (for ought I know)

know) that nothing but their utter ruine could have ransomed their headlong follies.

His Majesty appearing in *England*, he quickly (by the splendor of his Rayes) thawed the stiffness of their frozen and slippery intentions. All things (blessed be God for it) are at peace and unity here now: And as *Luther* being asked once, What he thought of some small Opinions that started up in his time? answered, *That he thought them to be good honest people, exempting their error*: So I judge of these men, That their thoughts were not so bad at first, as their actions would have led them into in process of time.

I have here enclosed sent you something written in haste upon the Kings coming to the enjoyment of his Throne, with a reflection upon the former sad and bad times; I have done them as well as I could, considering all things:

If

If they are not so well as they should be,
all I can do is to wish them better for
your sakes. My Obedience to you and
my Mother alwayes devoted,

Your Son

From Mary-Land,
Febr. 9. Anno

G. A.

*To my Cosen Mrs.
Ellinor Evins.*

E're I forget the Zenith of your
Love,
Let me be banisht from the Thrones
above;
Light let me never see, when I grow
rude,
I ntomb your Love in base Ingrati-
tude:

*N*or may I prosper, but the state
*O*f gaping Tantalus be my Fate;
*R*ather then I should thus preposterous
 grow,

*E*arth would condemn me to her vaults
 below.

*V*ertuous and Noble, could my Genius
 raise

*I*mmortal Anthems to your Vestal
 praise,

*N*one should be more laborious then I,
*S*aint-like to Cananize you to the Sky.

The Antimonial Cup (dear Cosen)
 you sent me, I had; and as soon as I
 received it, I went to work with the
 Infirmities and Diseases of my body.
 At the first draught, it made such ha-
 vock among the several humors that
 had stoln into my body, that like a
 Conjuror in a room among a company
 of little Devils, they no sooner hear him
 begin to speak high words, but away
 they

they pack, and happy is he that can get out first, some up the Chimney, and the rest down stairs, till they are all disperst. So those malignant humors of my body, feeling the operative power, and medicinal vertue of this Cup, were so amazed at their sudden surprizal, (being alwayes before battered only by the weak assaults of some few Emporicks) they stood not long to dispute, but with joynt consent made their retreat, some running through the sink of the Skultery, the rest climbing up my ribs, took my mouth for a Garret-window, and so leapt out.

Cosen, For this great kindness of yours, in sending me this medicinal vertue, I return you many thanks: It came in a very good time, when I was dangerously sick, and by the assistance of God it hath perfectly recovered me.

I have sent you here a few Furrs, they were all I could get at present, I
humbly

humbly beg your acceptance of them,
as a pledge of my love and thankfulness
unto you; I subscribe,

Your loving Cosen,

From *Mary-Land*,
Dec. 9. Anno

G. A.

To my Brother P. A.

Brother,

I Have made a shift to unloose my
self from my Collar now as well as
you, but I see at present either small
pleasure or profit in it: What the futu-
rality of my dayes will bring forth, I
know not; For while I was linckt with
the Chain of a restraining Servitude,
I had all things cared for, and now I
have all things to care for my self,
which

which makes me almost to wish my self in for the other four years.

Liberty without money, is like a man opprest with the Gout, every step he pats forward puts him to pain; when on the other side, he that has Coyn with his Liberty, is like the swift Post-Messenger of the Gods, that wears wings at his heels, his motion being swift or slow, as he pleaseth.

I received this year two Caps, the one white, of an honest plain countenance, the other purple, which I conceive to be some ancient Monumental Relique; which of them you sent I know not, and it was a wonder how I should, for there was no mention in the Letter, more then, *that my Brother had sent me a Cap*: They were delivered me in the company of some Gentlemen that ingaged me to write a few lines upon the purple one, and because they were my Friends I could not deny them; and here I present

sent them to you as they were then written.

Haile from the dead, or from Eternity,
Thou Velvet Relique of Antiquity;
Thou which appear'st here in thy purple
hew,

Tell's how the dead within their Tombs
will do doe;

How those Ghosts fare within each Mar-
ble Cell,

Where amongst them for Ages thou didst
dwell!

What Brain didst cover there? tell us,
that we

Upon our knees wayle Hats to honour
thee?

And if no honour's due, tell us whose
pate

Thou basely coveredst, and we'l jointly
hate:

Let's know his name, that we may shew
neglect;

If otherwise, we'l kiss thee with respect.

Say,

Say, didst thou cover Noll's old brazen
head,

Which on the top of Westminster high
Lead

Stands on a Pole, erected to the sky,

As a grand Trophy to his memory.

From his perfidious skull didst thou fall
down,

In a disdain to honour such a crown.

Wish three-pile Velvet? tell me, hadst
thou thy fall

From the high top of that Cathedral?

None of the Heroes of the Roman stem,

Wore ever such a fashion'd Diadem.

Didst thou speak Turkish in thy unknown
dress,

Thou'dst cover Great Mogull, and no
man less;

But in thy make methinks thou'rt too too
scant,

To be so great a Monarch's Turberant.

The Jews by Moses swear, they never
knew

E're such a Cap drest up in Hebrew:

Nor the strict Order of the Romish See,
Wears any Cap that looks so base as thee;
His Holiness hates thy Lowness, and
instead,

Wears Peters spired Steeple on his head:
The Cardinals descent is much more flat,
For want of name, baptized is A Hat;
Through each strict Order has my fancy
ran,

Both Ambrose, Austin, and the Fran-
ciscan,

Where I beheld rich Images of the dead,
Yet scarce had one a Cap upon his head:
Episcopacy wears Caps, but not like
thee,

Though several shap'd, with much di-
versity:

'Twere best I think I presently should
gang

To Edinburghs strict Presbyterian;
But Caps they've none, their ears being
made so large,

Serves them to turn it like a Garnesey
Barge;

Those

*Those keep their skulls warm against
North-west gusts,
When they in Pulpit do poor Calvin
curse.*

*Thou art not Fortunatus, for I daily see,
That which I wish is farthest off from
me:*

*Thy low-built state none ever did ad-
vance,*

*To christen thee the Cap of Mainte-
nance;*

*Then till I know from whence thou didst
derive,*

Thou shalt be call'd, the Cap of Fugitive.

You writ to me this year to send you
some Smoak; at that instant it made
me wonder that a man of a rational
Soul, having both his eyes (blessed be
God) should make so unreasonable a
demand, when he that has but one eye,
nay he which has never a one, and is fain
to make use of an Animal conductive
for his optick guidance, cannot endure

the prejudice that Smoak brings with it:
But since you are resolv'd upon it, I'll
dispute it no further.

I have sent you that which will make
Smoak, (namely Tobacco) though
the Funk it self is so slippery that I
could not send it, yet I have sent you
the Substance from whence the Smoak
derives: What use you imploy it to I
know not, nor will I be too importunate
to know; yet let me tell you this,
That if you burn it in a room to affright
the Devil from the house, you need not
fear but it will work the same effect, as
Toby's galls did upon the lecherous
Fiendas No more at present. *Vale.*

Your Brother,

From *Mary-Land,*

Dec. 11th Anno

G. A.

To my Honored Friend

Mr. T. B.

SIR,

THIS is the entrance upon my fifth year, and I fear 'twill prove the worst: I have been very much troubled with a throng of unruly Distempers, that have (contrary to my expectation) crouded into the Main-guard of my body, when the drowsie Sentineis of my brain were a sleep. Where they got in I know not, but to my grief and terror I find them predominant: Yet as Doctor Dunne, sometimes Dean of St. Pauls, said, *That the bodies diseases do but mellow a man for Heaven, and so ferments him in this World, as he shall need no long concoction in the Grave, but hasten to the Resurrection.* And if this were weighed seriously in the Balance of Religious Reason, the World

we dwell in would not seem so inticing and bewitching as it doth.

We are only sent by God of an Errand into this World, and the time that's allotted us for to stay, is only for an Answer. When God my great Master shall in good earnest call me home, which these warnings tell me I have not long to stay, I hope then I shall be able to give him a good account of my Message.

Sir, My weakness gives a stop to my writing, my hand being so shakingly feeble, that I can hardly hold my pen any further then to tell you, I am yours while I live, which I believe will be but some few minutes.

If this Letter come to you before I'm dead, pray for me, but if I am gone, pray howsoever, for they can do me no harm if they come after me.
Vale.

Your real Friend,

From *Mary-Land,*

Dec. 13. Anno

G. A.

To my Parents.

FROM the Grave or Receptracle of Death am I raised, and by an omnipotent power made capable of offering once more my Obedience (that lies close cabbined in the inwardmost apartment of my Soul) at the feet of your immutable Loves.

My good Parents, God hath done marvellous things for me, far beyond my deserts, which at best were preposterously sinful, and unsuitable to the sacred will of an Almighty : *But he is merciful, and his mercy endures for ever.* When sinful man has by his Evils and Iniquities pull'd some penetrating Judgement upon his head, and finding himself immediately not able to stand under so great a burthen as Gods smallest stroke of Justice, lowers the Top-gallant sayle of his Pride, and with
an

an humble submissiveness prostrates himself before the Throne of his sacred Mercy, and like those three Lepars that sat at the Gate of *Samaria*, resolved, *If we go into the City we shall perish, and if we stay here we shall perish also: Therefore we will throw our selves into the hands of the Assyrians, and if we perish, we perish* This was just my condition as to eternal state; my Soul was at a stand in this black storm of affliction: I view'd the World, and all that's pleasure in her, and found her altogether flashy, aiery, and full of notional pretensions, and not one firm place where a distressed Soul could hang his trust on. Next I viewed my self, and there I found, instead of good Works, lively Faith, and Charity, a most horrid nest of condemned Evils, bearing a supreme Prerogative over my internal faculties. You'l say here was little hope of rest in this extreme Eclipse, being in a desperate amaze to see my estate
so

so deplorable : My better Angel urged me to deliver up my aggrivances to the Bench of Gods Mercy, the sure support of all distressed Souls : His Heavenly warning, and inward whispers of the good Spirit I was resolv'd to entertain, and not quench, and throw myself into the armes of a loving God, *If I perish, I perish.* 'Tis beyond wonder to think of the love of God extended to sinful man, that in the deepest distresses or agonies of Affliction, when all other things prove rather hinderances then advantages, even at that time God is ready and steps forth to the supportment of his drooping Spirit. Truly, about a fortnight before I wrote this Letter, two of our ablest Physicians rendered me up into the hands of God, the universal Doctor of the whole World, and subscribed with a silent acknowledgement, That all their Arts, screw'd up to the very Zenith of Scholastique perfection, were not capable of

of keeping me from the Grave at that time: But God, the great preserver of Soul and Body, said contrary to the expectation of humane reason, *Arise, take up thy bed and walk.*

I am now (through the help of my Maker) creeping up to my former strength and vigour, and every day I live, I hope I shall, through the assistance of divine Grace, climbe nearer and nearer to my eternal home.

I have received this year three Letters from you, one by Capt. *Conway* Commander of the *Wheat-Sheaf*, the others by a *Bristol* Ship. Having no more at present to trouble you with, but expecting your promise, I remain as ever,

Your dutiful Son

Mary-Land, Apr 9.

Anno

G. A.

I desire my hearty love may be remembered to my Brother, and the rest of my Kintred.

FINIS.



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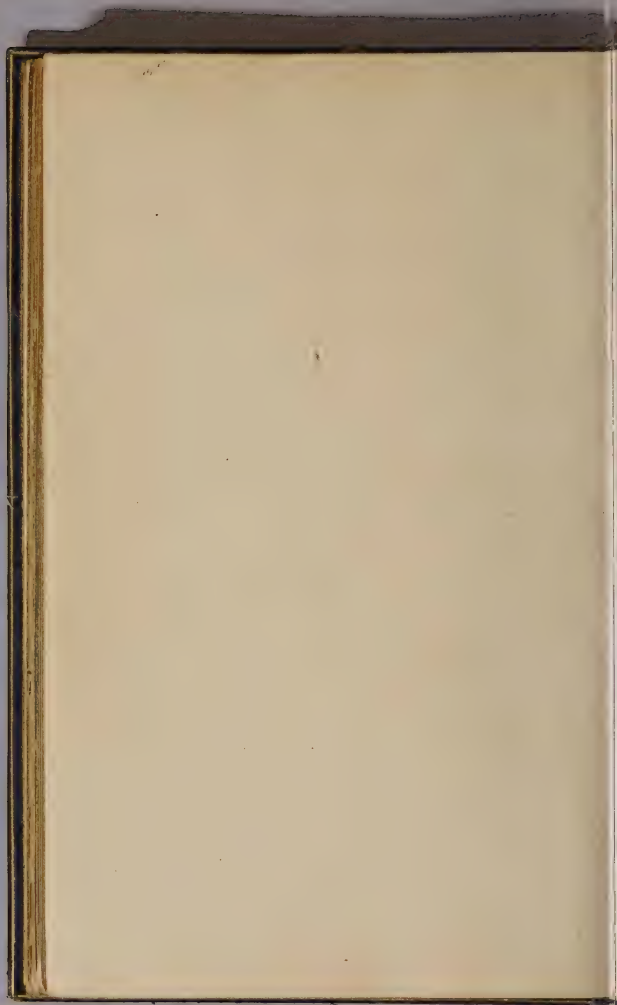
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Courteous Reader, In the first Epistle Dedicatory, for *Felton* read *Feltham*.

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